



Wisewell Barracks, Washington, D.C.

September 4th 1864

Dear Sister Dem.

It is Sunday afternoon all is quiet and the weather is splendid. Last evening we had a little shower the first that we have had since the week I returned. it cools the air and makes everything look lovely. but I dont enjoy it only when for a few moments I forget that I have got a home, and a home that is very dear to me. Dem you cant imagine how lonesome I am to day more so to day than usual. I am all alone now my Lieut Jones has been sent down to the south end of Long Bridge, on duty. I miss him very much for he was good company. I dont feel like going to church. I dont like to go alone is one reason. and another is my chest dont feel very good since the shower. I know that either or both reasons are not sufficient

to keep on from church. While we have
the chance to go. I will try and go next
Sunday. I was just thinking I ought not
to be lonesome or discontented. When I look
around and see things so comfortable and
pleasant compared with ^{the} misery and wretchedness
there is. I might say in almost every
family throughout the whole country both
North & South. I will give you a little description
of my lonely habitation. More commonly called
quarters. My room is square about the size
of our front room or nearly so. With two
windows. one looking out on 7th Street the
other on C. Street. I am now sitting by the
7th St. one just across the road is a garden
where the people come to spend their evenings
and Sundays, there is good music there
almost every evening until late at
night they also drink wine &c. the scenery
from the other window is simply a block
of building. and large old fashioned pump
there is shade trees all around on both sides
the street-cars are passing on 7th St. continually

Now the interior, in the corner between
 the two windows is my Desk, about like
 "a-cis" in the office. at the East window is
 a small Table with a few books on it
 right opposite the same window is the door
 that leads out in the hall. then I
 have a longest two chairs, in one corner
 stands four or five games, on the wall
 hangs three pictures and the map of
 Washington. the pictures are as follows, I
 will give their names, one is "Which will
you Marry," two young ladies one Black & the
 other Blue eyes. the other ~~other~~ one is
 "Ketty's Breakfast," a little girl sitting on
 the ground with three Kittens trying to
 feed them with a tea spoon, it is very
 pretty. the last one beats them all, it is
 called "Into Mischiefs," a little girl is
 sitting on the floor with her Fathers
 tall silk Hat between her feet. she has got
 a mug in one hand pouring water into
 the hat. in the other hand she has got
 her Mothers parasol, punching down the

cloths she has put in the hut - you
 can see collars ribbons &c sticking out
 right by her side stands a Chinee pitcher
 with a doll baby sticking down in it -
 head first. on the floore close by her feet
 is a very nice fan. and an Ink bottle has
 just tipped over and the ink is running
 all over the fan and other things that
 lay around. It looks so cheerful
 that it does one good to look at
 it. I guess I must close I am tired
 of writing. I must try and write to
 Cherry Bunnell. You must write
 often. Give my love to all the
 folks. Ask "Sue" when she is going to
 write me that letter. Tell Mother
 I will write to her soon. Adieu

Yours Off Brother,
 W. Bunnell,
 Capt - 24th Reg - V. M.



Miss D. B. Bunnell.

CIVIL WAR LETTER

Danville

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N. Y.